

17

840. R 11
18

T H E
A R T
O F
DRESSING the HAIR.

A
P O E M.

Humbly inscribed to the MEMBERS of the T. N. CLUB,

By E. P. Philocofm. K..

And Late HAIR-DRESSER to the said SOCIETY.

From Thirst of Fame what various Actions spring !
Heroes are rous'd to fight, and Bards to sing ;
While gentle Beaus the crouded Front-Box grace,
And shine the first in Powder, as in Place.

B A T H :

Printed by R. CRUTTWELL, for the AUTHOR;

And sold by W. FREDERICK, H. LEAKE, and W. TAYLOR, Booksellers, in Bath; and
Messrs. CARNAN and NEWBERRY, at No. 65, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.

MDCCLXX.—[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

39
4 13
325





To *****, Esq;

SECRETARY to the SOCIETY of MACARONI, and HONORARY
MEMBER of the T. N. CLUB.

S I R,

NO Patron ever read an Epistle Dedicatory, but he found himself complimented in it with all the Virtues and Qualifications, which the Hero of the Poem that solicits his Protection is celebrated for: And this kind of Panegyric is become so common among Writers, that they flatter, as it were, by Privilege, in the same Manner as Travellers are permitted to lye by Authority. Poets, indeed, have through all Ages dealt largely in Fiction; and their most pleasing Compliments have generally been made at the Expence of their Veracity.

The World therefore, I fear, will not readily believe that I have made Choice of a Patron, who has not only put in Practice the Rules which are delivered in the following Poem; but who saw those very Precepts gathered from his daily Conduct, and reduced into a System under his own Inspection.

DRESS, Sir, is your darling Excellence; and I should exceed the Limits of a Dedication, nay, should even put your Modesty to the Blush, were I to reckon up the many Improvements which you have made in it. To you we are indebted for the low-quarter'd Shoe, the diminutive Buckle, and the clock'd Stocking: Elegances which no Petit-Maitre has yet refined upon, by venturing
to

to introduce, as you long have wished, red Heels, gold Clocks, and a Hat and Feather.

But while I am mentioning the Obligations which the Public lies under to you, I must not forget my own. You suggested to me, Sir, the first Hints which gave Rise to the following Lines ; and pointed out the Utility of such Didactic Poems, by enumerating many excellent Performances of this Kind, both ancient and modern.

If the Romans had their *Art of Love*, and *Art of Poetry* ; we have the *Art of Cookery*, the *Art of walking the Streets*, the *Art of Dancing*, the *Art of Preaching*, the *Art of living in London*, the *Art of Shooting Flying*, and----the *Art of Dressing the Hair*.

Should my Verses escape being twisted into *Papillotes*, or thrown by to perish in Oblivion ; to you, Sir, and your Protection it will be owing, if Posterity should ever become acquainted with the Name of, S I R,

Your most grateful

TUESDAY NIGHT,
May 8, 1770.

And obedient humble Servant,

E. P.

THE



T H E

A R T of Dressing the H A I R.

W I T H various Art the tortur'd Curls to place,
 Confirm their Structure, and dispose with Grace;
 The Puff to manage with exactest Care,
 And pour the Snow-white Show'r on ev'ry Hair,
 I teach : embolden'd by the Muses' Aid
 To leave the shaving for the tuneful Trade.

5

Oh *Phœbus* ! Patron of the Sons of Song,
 God of the quacking and the fiddling Throng ;
 Let my low Shop be with thy Presence blest,
 And all thy Raptures struggle in my Breast !
 What tho' untaught by Art thy Ringlets twine,
 No Engines scorch, or Papillotes confine ;

10

B

What

What tho', unshorn, the Honours of thy Head
 In wild Luxuriance down thy Shoulders spread,
 Nor Bag hath dar'd enclose, or Ribbon tye, 15
 Nor borrow'd Locks their friendly Help supply ;
 What tho' no Bristles thy smooth Chin conceal,
 But Down eternal, innocent of Steel ;
 Let not in vain an honest Barber sue,
 Tho' ne'er the Labours of his Hand you knew ; 20
 But like my Razor make my Lines appear,
 Smooth, tho' not dull ; and sharp, tho' not severe.
 And since these Hands, on many an empty Pate
 Ne'er form'd by Nature for dispensing Fate ;
 Oft have been taught the mighty Bush to lay, 25
 Which gave the Bearer Privilege to slay ;
 Who without Learning had obtain'd Degrees,
 By stealing Theses, and by paying Fees :
 Teach me what Unguents will the Loss repair,
 When falling Tresses leave the Temples bare ; 30
 What styptic Juices will Assistance lend,
 Relax'd and weaken'd if the Curls depend.

Nor ye grave Mortals, too severe and sage
 For the light Follies of this sportive Age,

Frown

Frown, that I so much Tenderneſs expreſs 35
 For outward Poſiſh, and the Arts of Dreſs.
 Not he that thinks all Night, and plods all Day,
 Will captivate the Fair, or pleaſe the Gay ;
 Not Letters, your abſurd pedantic Plan,
 Dreſs and the Barber's Art compleat the Man. 40
 Oft have I known a Youth, whoſe leaden Scull
 His Tutors curſt, impenetrably dull ;
 Who toil'd from Claſs to Claſs with Labour fore,
 Some little Learning got, but Flogging more ;
 Yet by my Care into Perfection grow, 45
 And, tho' no Scholar, prove a charming Beau.

When ROMULUS his firſt Ephemeris made,
 And raſhly ſet up the Star-gazing Trade ;
 Incautious vent'ring from his proper Sphere,
 He call'd ten Months the Circle of the Year : 50
 Not born Mankind to poliſh, but ſubdue,
 Much more of Arms than Almanacks he knew.
 Thus our good old Fore-fathers might excel
 In Arts of Fight, but not of dreſſing well :
 For they to ſhining Balls the Camp prefer'd, 55
 Nor e'er of Powder and Pomatum heard,

Of

Of filken Suits, or NIVERNOIS genteel;
 But made their Coats of Buff, their Caps of Steel.
 In CROMWELL's Days, the Saint-like Babes of Grace
 With flowing Ringlets hid their awful Face; 60
 Long Perriwigs in CHARLES's Reign they wore,
 And Art supplied what Nature gave before.
 When ANNA rul'd, and KHEVENHULLAR fought,
 The Hat it's Title from the Hero caught;
 Nor ev'n RAMILLIA's Field it's Name denied 65
 To braided Locks with pleated Ribbon tied.
 Yet not the graceful Tresses to compose
 In massy Curls, or long extended Rows,
 Was theirs: ascending but by slow Degrees,
 From uncomb'd Fore-tops to well-dress'd Toupees. 70
 Fate for this happy Age reserv'd alone,
 To add the French Refinements to our own,
 And from all other Climes the Palm to bear,
 If not in Wisdom, yet in curling Hair.

Ye Sons of Dress, who all it's Labours know, 75
 For whom my Puffs are fill'd, my Engines glow!
 Ye gentler Youths, undisciplin'd in Vice,
 New to the Rage of Play and desp'rate Dice!

To

To these short Precepts of the Muse attend,
Approve the Poet, and believe the Friend.

80

In Scorn see gloomy HARFAX roll his Eyes
On paltry Hundreds, as too mean a Prize :
When, doubling ev'ry Stake, each lavish Heir
Draws a fresh Source of Courage from Despair,
He, like DRAWCANSIR, rushes on the Foe,
And beggars ten *Superiors* at a Throw.
Blaspheming VERRER damns his empty Purse ;
Ev'n soft NARCISSUS lisps out half a Curse.

85

If in VOLPONE a thousand Arts you trace
Beyond the native Cunning of his Race ;
Must you not say ? tho' studious to admire ;
Great is the *Son*, but greater still the *Sire* :
This, boldly soaring in a dangerous Sphere,
Plunder'd a Nation ; *that* but strips a Peer.

90

Such your Associates : shall this gloomy Train
The sprightlier Sallies of your Soul restrain ?
Shall those soft Hands the noisy Dice-box shake ?
Those brilliant Eyes with midnight Watchings ake ?

95

C

Fly,

Fly, e're too late You curse the treach'rous Toil,
And execrate the Day you open'd *Hoyle*.

100

'Scap'd like a Bird that from the Fowler's Snare
Springs forth exulting to the Fields of Air ;
The gentle FLORIO smooths his ruffled Plumes,
And all the Dignity of Dress resumes.

What Hopes, what Raptures in his Bosom glow,
As thus he greets the CIRCE of *Soho* !

105

" Sweet Sorcerers ! whose pow'rful Chains enslave
" Wise Men and Fools, the Coward and the Brave :
" Within thy magic Walls, the frozen Prude
" Feels her cold Blood unchill'd, her Fears subdued ;

110

" And wanton Dames, who to the Nuptial Bed,
" Reluctant, by some mitred Prelate led,
" Long were sad Victims to his ghostly Care,
" Condemn'd to staid Fasts, and Days of Pray'r ;

" Far diff'rent here the Midnight Hours employ,
" And melt in Visions of unholy Joy.

115

" Believe me when I swear ; by this *Bouquet*,
" Where Flow'rs unnumber'd their fair Heads display,
" Which never more shall drink the Morning Dew,
" Cut from the Parent Stalk where once they grew ;

120

" Thy

“ Thy Charms alone, compell me to forego
“ Th’ enchanting Dice, the yet untouch’d *Roulean* ;
“ And, suppliant thus, implore thy gen’rous Aid
“ For one voluptuous Night in MASQUERADE.”

He spoke : her ready Wand th’ Enchantress waves,
Proud of his Vows, and summons all her Slaves.

125

In lucid Chrystal flows the sparkling Wine,
Fruit of the Gallick or Iberian Vine ;
Soft thrilling Melody dissolves the Soul,
And round in Clouds Sabæan Odours roll.
In rush the motley Throng ; of Shape and Hue,
Strange as e’er Fancy form’d, or Pencil drew :
Quakers that ne’er of inward Light had heard,
Fryars unshorn, and *Jews* without a Beard ;
Nuns, with no Title to the sacred Name
But what their Hopes of Absolution claim ;
Pert *Mussulmen* that ne’er the *Koran* read,
Spaniards all Life, and *Harlequins* all Lead.
Fame, on *St. Paul’s* who took her awful Stand,
Sent the loud Tale in Thunder thro’ the Land.
White’s fullen Offspring heard the piercing Sound,
And dropp’d their Cards in Terror on the Ground :

130

135

140

The

The *Dilettanti* trembled as it flew,
Turn'd pale with Envy, and blasphem'd *Vertù*.

If future Beaus shall in th' Historick Page 145
Retrace those *Æras* of domestick Rage;
When noisy TAYCHO fir'd the gaping Rout,
Defy'd the Axe, the Tower, and the Gout;
Now by mad Factions was in Triumph drawn,
Now flatter'd by *protesting Saints in Lawn*: 150
When many a JUDAS, for the Part as fit,
As that Arch-Traitor known in holy Writ;
A Monarch's Hand with humble Kisses prest,
Yet aim'd their secret Daggers at his Breast:
Say shall not FLORIO's Name, in spotless White, 155
Gild the dark Annals with a gleam of Light?
And oh distinguish'd Youths! if thus Ye tread
The Paths of Fame, by such Examples led;
While round your Couch the Pow'r of Slumber strews
His drowsy Poppies, dropping balmy Dews, 160
Those guardian Sylphs which o'er the Night preside,
To brighter Visions shall your Fancy guide;
Oft your Invention with new Modes supply,
The Ruffle's Pattern, or the Sword-Knot's Dye.

May

May no grim Demon of the footy Throng, 165
 With horrid Clamour of his Matin Song,
 The sweet Enchantment of your Slumber break ;
 Nor Watchman's Yell, nor Milkmaid's piercing Shriek !
 Your Ears may no rude Clink of Hammers wound,
 No rattling Coaches o'er the Pavement found, 170
 No horrid Spectres vex your soft Repose,
 With Dreams of Bets unpaid, and lost *Rouleaus* !
 Soon as Ye wake, the pleasing Toil renew,
 And the great Bus'ness of your Life pursue.
 Let gloomy Pedants, till their Eyes are sore, 175
 Hunt all the Rubbish of past Ages o'er ;
 Let the dull Train their midnight Lamp suspend,
 And with pale Cheeks o'er musty Legends bend :
 But, no such rude Convulsion to sustain,
 Hath Nature's Hand compos'd your tender Brain ; 180
 She the soft Mass of subtil'st Fabrick wrought,
 And spun the Nerves too delicate for Thought.
 Your rosy Youth shall Learning's Canker blight,
 Or studious Vigils dim your aching Sight ?

For You their hoarded Grain Contractors spare, 185
 And starve the Poor to beautify your Hair.

In *Zembla's* joyless Clime, where Frost severe,
 And Darkneſs, ſhares the mutilated Year,
 For You, thro' Defarts of eternal Snow,
 Intrepid Hunters track their ſhaggy Foe.

190

Oh, if ſome Nymph of *Drury's* artful Race
 Should tempt You thoughtleſs to her lewd Embrace,
 While in her Blood the dire Infection reigns,
 And more than Luſt inflames her throbbing Veins ;
 Should the foul Poiſon upward force it's Way,
 Taint your young Bones, and on your Marrow prey ;
 Unbated it's corroſive Influence ſpread,
 And ſhake the Treſſes from your drooping Head :
 How will your Songs the Victor's Force proclaim,
 Who launch'd the Jav'lin with unerring Aim ;
 Saw the rough Savage panting on the Ground,
 And tore his Entrails from the reeking Wound ;
 Then from the Caul bade his Affociates part
 The choiceſt Fat, and treasure up with Art !

195

200

On your bare Temples ſhed the copious Store,
 Till the rich Uñction gluts each thirſty Pore :
 And ſoon th' Effuſion of that magic Dew
 Shall the loſt Honours of your Head renew,

205

As

As gentle Show'rs the fertile Soil pervade,
 Swell the unfolding Seed, and infant Blade. 210
 E're Nature can her wonted Strength regain,
 Worn out in Struggles with Disease and Pain ;
 Like with'ring Plants beneath inclement Skies,
 Weak and distemper'd the young Shoots will rise.
 Yet *Myrrh*, sweet bleeding from the wounded Rind, 215
 Shall close their Texture, and the Fibres bind :
 Obedient shall each tortile Ringlet feel
 The glowing Pressure of coercive Steel ;
 Rang'd by the Comb, it's lasting Form retain,
 While Fogs descend, and Tempests rage, in vain. 220

See the *Friseur* disclose his ample Store,
 And all his Implements of Toil explore !
 The various *Comb* to various Cares applied,
 Now to compose the Ringlets, now divide ;
Pomatum with undying Odours fraught, 225
Wool from SILURIA's fable Fleeces brought ;
 The glowing *Forceps*, the confining *Pins*,
 With Skill he ranges, and the Work begins.
 While his quick Hand inweaves the crisped Hair,
 A Mirror in your snow-white Fingers bear ; 230

From

From Curl to Curl the happy Progress trace,
Exhaust his Art, and labour ev'ry Grace.

Let pointed Wires each waving Hair restrain,
When eddying Whirlwinds sweep the dusty Plain.
Hapless that Youth, who, when the Tempest flies, 235
Unarm'd each rushing Hurricane defies!
In vain on Barbers or on Gods he calls,
The Ringlets yield, the beauteous Structure falls.
Nor less, when soft-descending Show'rs prevail,
Dread the moist Influence of the Southern Gale: 240
Oft will it's tepid Breath the Curls unbend,
While dropping Dews from ev'ry Spire depend.
Yours be the Care to watch, with cautious Eye,
When threat'ning Clouds portend a Tempest nigh.
Mark the Papilio-Race; the little Elves, 245
As gay, as soft, as filken as yourselves,
To vernal Suns their painted Wings unfold,
But shun the driving Blast and wint'ry Cold.

When stern *November*, fullen, dark and drear,
Loads with thick Fogs the slow-revolving Year; 250
When, drench'd in Rain, the moisten'd Fields betray,
Too sure, the Footsteps of the trembling Prey:
Let

Let fearless Hunters cheer the op'ning Hound,
Vault o'er the deep-funk Trench, or rising Mound ;
Now thunder headlong down the Mountain's Side, 255
Now plunge impetuous in the roaring Tide.
Leave Toils like these to some Herculean Race,
Nor try the savage Pleasures of the Chace.
When Dogs and Men unite in deaf'ning Cry,
To the loud Shout while Heav'n and Earth reply ; 260
You'll wish to check the madd'ning Steed in vain,
And press too late the unavailing Rein.

Your gentle Limbs on downy Sofas throw,
And bid secure each happy Moment flow,
Not unimprov'd : in secret Conclave mix ; 265
The Laws of Dress, the Change of Fashions fix.
If pondr'ous *Clubs* shall from behind depend,
Or *Queues* in formidable Length descend ;
If high the double Curl shall rise in Air,
Shoot up aloft, and leave the Temples bare ; 270
Or in one Circle of extensive Fold,
Belles shall admire your graceful Tresses roll'd.
Exert your Eloquence, display your Taste,
In Praise of *Wash-balls*, or of *Almond Paste* :

What *Dentifrice* a lasting White bestows,
What healing *Lip-Salve* emulates the Rose.

275

If, 'midst these solemn Subjects of Debate,
In Critic-Scale you weigh the Muse's Fate ;
The trembling Culprit from Oblivion save,
Spare her, and prove as merciful as brave.

280

So may no Chance the latent Wires disclose,
Or your false Locks to titt'ring Belles expose !
So may your Tresses the Attack sustain
Of ruffling Tempests, or of moist'ning Rain ;
And ev'ry Curl in lasting Order stand,
Unmov'd, and faithful to the Artist's Hand !

285

F I N I S.

